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HAMILTONEWS

OCTOBER 9, 1942

PLOTTING HOBART ROUT

139

Co-captains Mac Bristol and Milt Jannone talk over a new play with Coach Campbell Dickson in preparation for the Statesmen's invasion tomorrow afternoon.

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Magazine Section

NOTA BENE

Also Stories by Otis Bigelow and Jack Smothers

He looks beyond the Skyline, His Eyes see Far Horizons!

Don't you share his Dreams, His hopes and plans for the Future?

We see him a Man, Strong and Reliant and Smiling—with a Smile that owes much to his lifelong use of Ipana and Massage!

YOUR small dreamer of today may be tomorrow's man of destiny. His hopes may grow to mould the shape of things that are to come.

Isn't this a thought to warm a parent's heart? Doesn't it make you grateful to the teachers of America who help to shape your child's character—who send him forth into the future with high purpose . . . and *smiling!*

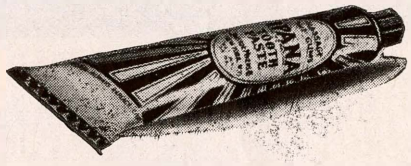
Yes, *smiling!* For even his smile has the best of care. Today, in classrooms* all over the land, youngsters such as this are being taught a lesson many parents have yet to learn—the importance of firm, healthy gums to bright teeth and sparkling smiles.

These young Americans know that today's soft foods rob our gums of work and stimulation. They know why gums tend to become soft, tender... often signal their sensitiveness with a warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush!

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush . . . *see your dentist.* He may simply say your gums have become tender because of today's soft foods. And, like many dentists, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to aid gums. Massage a little Ipana onto your gums when you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gums—helps them to healthier firmness. Let Ipana and massage help you to brighter teeth, firmer gums, a more sparkling smile!



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Volume I
No. 1

Hamiltonews

The First College News Magazine

October 9, 1942

* * ADMINISTRATION * *

Cowley Places Small Colleges In Country's War Leadership

Opens 131st College Year With Defense of Liberal Arts Institutions In Wartime

"Proportionately the small colleges of the country are making a larger contribution to the leadership of the nation than are the large universities," President William H. Cowley stated in his address Sunday at the first chapel of Hamilton's 131st year as a college.

In finding the place of the liberal arts college in the war effort, Doctor Cowley declared, "On the one hand, we must fight and win a technological war, and on the other hand we must be prepared for making of a peace in terms of political, economical, and other social concepts. In order to win the war, we must have an abundant number of capable technicians. In order, however, to win the peace and to preserve our democratic way of life, we must see that the supply of broadly educated men is adequate. We cannot win the peace if we allow our colleges to be killed off.

"A group of people in prominent positions in the government apparently believe that in the war effort there is no place for the small liberal arts ocllege. Some of these men want to draft all college students and then to reassign them to about 200 of the large colleges and universities of the country. This would close all the rest of the colleges of the country, and since Hamilton is an unusually small college, it may be included among the number of those marked for closing.

"Hamilton College will not agree to any such program without a fight. We have a brilliant story to tell, and we shall tell it on every possible occasion and in every possible place until the small college is given the recognition which it properly deserves.

"The men in Washington and elsewhere who believe that the liberal arts college has no place in these wartime years must not be permitted to dominate."

Criticizes Government

President Cowley criticized the government for having "done little to help the colleges to go on a war footing. The contradictions in policy and the resulting confusion are tremendous and tragic. It is impossible at the moment to give specific advice to Hamilton students concerning how they should proceed in the face of the jumbled and unco-ordinated instructions that come from Washington."

Doctor Cowley opined that "a number of signs on the horizon promise that the present confusion will soon be dissipated" and observed that Secretary of War Stimson "is bending every effort to clarify the place of college students in the war. Similarly, members of congress and of the administration are taking a new interest in the colleges and in college students and will insist upon an adequate definition of the colleges' role in the war.

Use Colleges to Win War

"By the first of the year, we should know how we should proceed, and meanwhile, the student of Hamilton can best serve the high purpose of defeating the Axis by being patient until present confusions are replaced by clear definitions.

"The war must be won by our generals and admirals, but these military leaders are not qualified to determine the structure of our society after the war. A formula must, therefore, be developed and put into operation which will use the colleges to help win the war and which will also use the colleges to make sure that we will win the peace and that our basic institutions are protected."

Pointing out that small colleges proportionately contribute more to the leadership of the country, Doctor Cowley observed that from a study of the 1938-39 edition of **Who's Who in America**, "investigators found that more graduates of large institutions were included than graduates of small college, but that proportionately the graduates of small colleges were included much more numerously."

Proportions Listed

"In number of living graduates included, Michigan ranked fifth, but in percentage of living graduates it ranked 61st. Similarly Cornell ranked sixth in numbers and 55th in percentage of living alumni." Of the first thirty institutions in percentages of living graduates in the 1938-39 edition, twenty were small colleges, Hamilton ranking 16th with a percentage of 3.11. Harvard, Amherst, Randolph-Macon, Hamden-Sydney and Yale ranked highest in that order with percentages of 5.81, 5.55, 5.52, 5.46, and 4.31 respectively, and Union stood 26th with 1.88 percent.

President Cowley continued by pointing out the educational backgrounds of the men holding key positions in the wartime life of the country. Leon Henderson, a graduate of Swarthmore; Elmer Davis, graduate of Franklin College, Indiana; Harry Hopkins, an alumnus of Grinnell College; Secretary of the Navy Knox, a graduate of Alma College, Michigan; the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, Co-ordinator of Transportation Eastman, and War Shipping Administrator Douglas, all alumni of Amherst; Under-Secretary of War Patterson, a graduate of Union; and Secretary of War Stimson, a graduate of Yale when it was a college of 580 students back in 1888.

Dr. Cowley went on, "These are but a few of the graduates of small colleges who are in key positions in our national life. A longer list would be more impressive, and I am certain it would convince the people of the country that the small liberal arts college must not be scrapped or even under-privileged in the war effort."

Hamilton in Fighting Trim

With Hamilton starting its 131st year "in fighting trim to make its largest possible contribution to winning the war," President Cowley named the fundamental attitudes in dominating our lives this year. Seriousness of purpose, complete readiness to contribute without stint to the defeat of the Axis, and insistence that small colleges be given the important part they deserve in the war effort.

In regard to Hamilton, Dr. Cowley mentioned the contributions of the faculty, board of trustees, alumni, student body, and administration to those basic ideals. Instructed by the government to continue with regular academic work until new purposes are named, Hamilton has steadily improved its academic standing from 16th to 5th in three years of comparison to 500 freshman classes taking the psychological examination of the American Council on Education.

J. E. M.

Faculty Announces New Cut System

A long-pending reform in the Hamilton College attendance system was approved by the faculty in their regular meeting Monday afternoon, Dean Campbell Dickson informed **Hamiltonews** early Tuesday morning. The Faculty voted to change the attendance regulations which applied to absences from classes and to Dean's List privileges to the following:

Summer Session Fun Despite Daily Classes

By JOSEPH F. ANDERSON, '44

Be prepared for a shock you unfortunate ones who looked down on the idea of attending the Hamilton Summer Session, for it was actually fun.

It was not at all dull staying on the Hill for the most precious moments of the year. As a matter of fact, for this student, it was the most enjoyable way to earn twelve hours credit that he has yet seen.

Golf, flying cadets marching around, intramural competition three times a week, intellectual binges with no fraternities, and a couple of fellows called Meiklejohn and Edman, rather poor summer house party—all highlighted Hamilton's first endeavor towards higher education during the summer.

It looked dark at the outset when we were greeted by a notice which rather discouraged the idea of anyone being so bold as to take a cut. Then there was the rather dilapidated picnic ground—(I think it was officially called the Hamilton amphitheatre)—which was erected behind the infirmary for the purpose of summer meetings of the student body. However, the mosquitoes came to the rescue, and we were saved the ordeal of sitting out on the hard benches under constant attack from nature's aviators when the College decided to hold such functions in the Chapel.

Pretty soon the absence of cuts didn't seem to phase many—only those who had first hour classes—and things began to run very smoothly. And then came the greatest advantage of the whole summer session—people from the individual fraternities actually ignored their brethren and got around to meet the rest of the college for the first time in their long span of college life. It became a rarity to see less than three or four fraternities represented in a game of golf, at a table in Commons, or on a walk to Frank's! This was very good.

As the summer went on, more and more students took up the game of golf and, by the middle of July, it was not strange to see as many as twenty potential "70 shooters" on the first tee. Coach Prettyman even scheduled two golf matches with Colgate with a ten man team—we were beaten both times but it was fun. The only bad thing about the trend to golf was the effect of the "19th hole golfers," who finding no bar in which to cuss over their game, had to give vent to their feelings verbally on the golf course—teaching the faculty children and perhaps even some of the faculty some of the little used words in our language.

Also we had a baseball team this summer which played three games and lost two. The games were played on Thursday evenings after dinner and were played with semi-pro teams in the vicinity. The team was fair, but I think Hamilton has had better ones.

Tennis was also a favorite sport, and the summer school net team ventured against Colgate only to come back with little more than an improved sun tan. It gave the tennis enthusiasts a chance to play some outside competition.

Most important of all, I suppose, is the fact that the summer school provided a better than usual opportunity for Hamilton men to learn something. The classes were small and in session for seventy minutes every day but Sunday. Most professors devoted their full efforts to teaching their specialty. Then with only two courses it gave the student less to worry about and more opportunity to concentrate on keeping two balloons up in the air rather than eight. There were very few flunks, and it is quite possible that summer school students learned not a little but a great deal.

Entertainment at summer school did not consist of the usual one-night stands, but instead the performers came for a whole week at a time. The lectures were conducted by excellent men.

Alexander Meiklejohn, probably the most provactive man that ever came to Hamilton, was here for a week and lectured three times besides conferring individually with students and faculty both in his office and in evening sessions in the South College Lounge Room. Mr. Meiklejohn, who is perhaps best known for his radical ideas in education as illustrated by his work at St. John's College in Annapolis and at Wisconsin's Experimental College, talked about the liberal arts in wartime. By the time he left there were at least three members of the faculty who were not quite speaking to one another, and about 150 students who were quite out from the night long talkfests which always gathered together after one of Mr. Meiklejohn's stimulating lectures or informal question-answer sessions.

No sooner had Dr. Meiklejohn departed than Irwin Edman, the Columbia philosophy professor who should be remembered so much for his lecture last spring, came to the Hill, and he also started a little thought around the campus. His topic again was liberal arts in wartime and his ideas were hashed out pretty thoroughly by interested students and faculty. For his originality, genius, and affability, Irwin Edman won a place in the heart of every Hamilton summer student. It was not strange to see his bespectacled face and partially bald head poke its way into the College Store in quest of students who might like to walk around the campus or just talk a little.

After Mr. Edman came Dr. James Plant, one of the nation's leading psychologists, who lectured and talked with the students. Dr. Plant, who is a Hamilton graduate, proved to be a very enjoyable person and all were pleased with his talks.

Mr. Shute arranged a very nice summer music program which provided artists coming to the Hill for a week's stay and a series of three concerts. First, there was a string quartet, then William Masselos, pianist, who was here last spring, and finally Hardesty Johnson, the baritone who sang as soloist with the Utica Chorus last spring and on the campus at many other occasions.

As I look back, I can definitely say it has been a good summer and I was certainly sorry to move my trunk from the dormitory over to the seclusion of the fraternity house. However, there is one consolation, I suppose—the food is much better

"Regular attendance at classes (including physical education periods) is expected of all students. If a student must be absent because of unusual circumstances, he should secure an excuse from the Dean who shall report all excused absences to the Faculty weekly. Each week every member of the Faculty shall report to the Dean's office all unexcused absences and shall recommend that administrative act on such absences should or should not be taken."

The allowances of absences were left for daily chapel at 15 and for Sunday chapel at 3, 4, 5, and 6 for freshmen, sophomores, juniors, and seniors, respectively, according to the Faculty announcement.

D.M.W.

Nine Frosh Receive War Scholarships

As its contribution to the cause of higher education in the nation at war, Hamilton College has awarded $36,000 in War Emergency Fellowships this year to nine members of the Class of 1946.

Ordinarily unable to attend college because of lack of funds, the recipients of these scholarships will be asked to work a few hours weekly in the library or college offices.

The nine students were selected after a six week period of canvassing New York State's high schools which culminated in the entertainment of the eighteen most likely prospects on the Hill the week-end of August 16. They all have Regents averages of more than 90% and were prominent in extra-curricular activities. Only one has college educated parents; one is from a large city; three others are from farms. As long as these men remain in the upper quarter of their class, they will continue to receive as much aid as is necessary enable them to remain in college.

The freshmen who hold War Emergency Scholarships are Charles B. Brooks, Haverstraw; Joseph J. Burgess, Elsmere; Karl F. Kirk, Watertown; David M. Mc-

Niven, Cold Springs; Clyde T. Simpson, Albion; Kalixt Synakowski Jr., Riverhead; Gerald C. VanTillburg, Jamesville; Earl E. Wilson, Pawlet, Vt. (Granville, N. Y., High School), and Peter P. T. Woitach, Johnson City.

This year another new scholarship was awarded, the David Green Adams, Memorial Scholarship, by the New York City Alumni Association in memory of the first Hamilton fan to lose his life in the service of his country in the present war. It provides $1,600 to that applicant in New York City or its environs who is most outstanding in the opinion of the alumni. The winner in the Class of 1946 was Rolf Oskar Hubbe, Brooklyn, a graduate of Townsend Harris High School with the highest average in his class of 211 boys.

C. W. K.

Dickson Announces Scholarship Honors

At the opening college chapel Sunday, Dean Campbell Dickson honored 112 men in the three upper classes for scholastic achievement.

Approximately 35 per cent of the three upper classes gained mention.

Those included were:

Class of 1943—High Honor: Kayle, Plescia, VanAlstyne. Honor: Beard, Clute, Coyle, Dreyer, Eberle, Fawcett, Hamilton, Kieffer, Newton, Overhiser, Warren. Credit: Messrs. Avery, Barber, Best, Bigelow, Crumb, G. F. Dale, Eannace, Fay, Forsythe, Goulding, Johnson, G. W. Lattin, Mackay, Masters, Merrill, Metz, Midgley, J. G. Moore, L. C. Ogilby, Ormsbee, Parker, Potter, Rogers, Searle, Shaw, Spellman, Stockton, Tennant, Ward, Watkin, Watt.

Class of 1944—High Honor: Clelland, Levin, Thomas, Winter. Honor: Caudell, Claassen, Couper, Dodge, Doyle, Hamilton, Love, M. Marshall, McDermott, Muckenhaupt, Osgood, Rhind, Root, W. Walker. Credit: Abbey, Arlotto, Clark, Dodd, Farr, Hall, Huyck, Mooney, Page, Richardson, Rosencrans, Rudd, Sharp, Simmons, Smyth, Stone, S. H. Walker.

Class of 1945—High Honor: C. S. Aldridge, Bolte, Bradford, W. L. Davis, Krahe, Parker, Weed. Honor: L. H. Bristol, Burnett, F. M. Close, Fister, FitzSimmons, Hubbard, Mires, Smiley, Wilcox. Credit: J. S. Aldridge, A. Bristol, Callaghan, Ewing, Field, Francis, Gage, Hunt, Lavis, Leber, Rueckert, Tillotson, Tobin, Welch.

K. K.

Professor Shute Heart Victim

While on a visit to a camp near Old Forge two weeks ago, Professor Berrian R. Shute was striken with coronary thrombosis. The heart attack, however, was not correctly diagnosed until his return to the Hill on Saturday, September 26th. As soon as the critical condition was discovered, he was at once taken by ambulance to St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Utica. Mr. Shute, who will have to remain there for considerable time yet, is permitted no visitors. While his improvement seems to be steady, Mr. Shute has to be kept perfectly still, and, of course, the period of convalescence will be long.

Professor Shute, who was to have been director of the college choir, will be unable to do any conducting this coming winter here on the Hill. His lecture series in Utica, his choir work, and teaching, all have had to be given up.

Professor Fancher has been on the Hill the past few days, choosing the students to make up this year's choir. L.H.B.

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NATION-WIDE RAIL-AIR SERVICE

Introducing the Five New Faculty Members

By Robert D. Stone, '44

The opening of the new college year finds a Hamilton not only with a large crop of freshmen to inject new blood into the student body, but also with a sizeable group of new instructors to swell the ranks of the faculty.

During the summer, five new men have been appointed to Hill positions in the departments of English, mathematics, public speaking, and physical education. The men are: Thomas F. O'Donnell, '42, instructor in English composition; Charles R. Gibbs, '38, and Lloyd B. Williams, instructors in mathematics; Holle G. DeBoer, instructor in public speaking; and Mark S. Randall, instructor in physical education.

Instructions are in order for two of the men while three of them are already well known to at least a part of the college community.

Little, if anything, need be said in the way of introduction to Tom O'Donnell, a member of the Class of '42, since the highlights of his college career are still fresh in the minds of most Hill residents. Tom combined an excellent scholastic record with a flair for music and writing, having been elected both to Phi Beta Kappa and to Pentagon. He was a member of the choir for four years and wrote the music for the prize-winning college song, "Samuel Kirkland." Taking a look at his pre-college history, we see that Tom graduated from the Most Holy Rosary High School, Syracuse, in 1932, that he began job-seeking in the midst of the depression, and that he worked successively as a caretaker of tennis courts, as errand boy for a New York department store, as clerk for an appliance store and later in the Oneida A&P. He became interested in Hamilton through William Cronin, '38, and succeeded in securing a scholarship after having impressed President Ferry with his power of self-expression.

In addition to teaching, Tom will also work for a master's degree in English, a subject in which he received departmental honors at Hamilton.

The second addition to Hamilton's faculty also needs little introduction to many members of the Hill community, inasmuch as he was a member of the Class of '38 and began his teaching career at Hamilton during the summer session. He is Charles R. Gibbs, instructor in mathematics.

Mr. Gibbs was a junior member of Phi Beta Kappa at Hamilton, majoring in mathematics, physics, and chemistry. Since his graduation, he has done graduate work in his science at Columbia, has taught at South New Berlin and at Sauquoit Valley Central School, and has worked as an industrial chemist with the Koppers Company in Utica. His appointment to the Hamilton faculty came in June, and he immediately began his duties by instructing a course in mathematics.

The third old-timer of the group is Mark S. Randall, instructor in physical education, who has been on the Hill since the beginning of the summer session in the capaci tyof swimming coach.

Mark says that swi mming has always been his first love, although he has played basketball, football, track, tennis, baseball, soccer, and lacrosse, and has coached most of them since his graduation from Springfield in 1933. He played for two years on Springfield's national championship soccer team, and did such effective work in lacrosse that he was mentioned for All-American honors. Upon graduation from Springfield, he coached at Lansingburg High School for one year, and from there went to Holland Patent Central School where he coached basketball, baseball, soccer and track for eight years. He is well qualified as a swimming instructor, however, as he has coached successfully for ten years the Troy Municipal Pool's winning entry in the Adirondack Division's A.A.U. tournament. And now, as instructor in physical education at Hamilton, he has charge of the new college swimming pool the year round.

And now to turn to the two men who perhaps need a little more introduction in Hill circles, as they are both entirely new to Hamilton this fall. The first is Lloyd B. Williams, instructor in mathematics. Mr. Williams spent one year at Oregon Institute of Technology, and received his bachelor's degree from Reed College in 1935. After working for the Federal Resettlement Administration for a year, he entered the University of Chicago Graduate school to study for a master's degree in mathematics. This he received in 1939 and has since completed all work for his doctorate except his thesis.

In 1940, he accepted an instructorship in mathematics at Georgia Institute of Technology, and from there came directly to Hamilton, where he will instruct C.P.T. fliers in navigation in addition to teaching the usual work of the mathematics department.

The other newcomer to the Hamilton faculty is Holle G. DeBoer, instructor in public speaking. When, as a teacher in a Colorado high school, Mr. DeBoer noted that Winan's famous public speaking text was dedicated to Hamilton College which "for a Hundred Years has Upheld the Dignity of the Spoken as well as of the Written Word," there was kindled within him a spark of curiosity about Hamilton.

Mr. DeBoer was born in Madison, S. D., attended high school there, and in 1932 received his bachelor's degree from the Colorado State College of Education, where he remained for a year to coach debate and teach English Composition. Next he took up high school teaching, dropping this pursuit five years ago to accept an instructorship in public speaking at Pennsylvania State College. To Hamilton, he comes directly from Cornell where he has taught, coached debate, earned a master's degree, and completed all work for his doctor's degree except a thesis.

Trustees To Meet

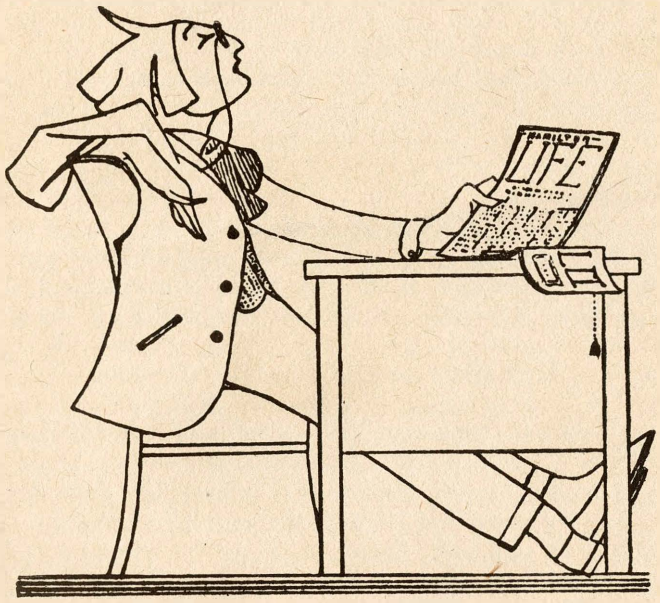
The Board of Trustees of Hamilton College will hold their regular fall meeting Saturday, October 10, at 9:00 A. M. Mr. Daniel B. Burke, Chairman of the Board, will preside at the meeting. The Board will consider only routine business, according to President William H. Cowley.

Unlike previous years, Chapel will not be held on the day the Trustees meet. Since a change in the regular Friday meeting of chapel would disrupt the class schedule, no daily chapel exercises will be held on Saturday.

It is expected that Hamilton policy in wartime will be a principal topic of discussion at the meeting.

PURDUE NOW A WAR PLANT

Purdue engineering students have enlisted in the war as "soldiers of production." The University has signed a sub-contract with Westinghouse Electric and the stulents are already turning out machine parts. Working part time, 275 students have achieved a production equivalent to a 75-man shop on full time.



NOTA BENE

Welcome back, everybody, in an official sort of way. We hope you are all satisfied with the first issue of the new publication. We hope, in our own small way, to be able to to do as well as Editor Metz in his. All we ask is that you bear with us till we get settled.

We suppose by now that everyone is more or less settled, that the money for textbooks is pledged, if not spent, and that all have begun to lose the healthy, prescribed amount of sleep. Personally, we are glad to get back to the Hill. This may be because we did not attend summer-session — or it may be because the Hill offers a modicum of sanity and regularity in a world rapidly becoming less sane and less regular. It is our firm belief that our College should and must continue to prepare its students for a decent, civilized world no matter what conditions prevail. That is what a liberal arts College is for in any times, and the aim is of vital importance today. What we learn here is of primary import not to the world at war — that is far too baseless and shortsighted a conception of education — but to the maintenance of the ideals on which the world will have to be built after the war is over. This is the long view and, though it may alienate some impassioned, but short-sighted, 'patriots', it is the view a serious-minded person must take. Let's keep our College an arsenal not only for war, but for peace as well.

Speaking of change, we notice with some regret the alteration in the freshman-color-scheme from green to blue. The slimers that you and we of the upper classes knew are now but an ocassionally-beloved memory. The new hats are very pretty, we admit, but for some reason we miss the old ones. As a matter of sheer fact, ever since our own Freshman year we have harbored a sneaking hanker for the right to wear a slimer again. Our slimer was the only comfortable and practical hat we have ever owned and we were most loth to part with it. Perhaps now we can dig it up again and wear it without being mistaken for one of the azure-domed company of '46.

NOMINATION FOR THE HALL OF ETERNAL OBLIVION DEPT. The Bluebird recording of DER FUHRER'S FACE, partly because, war or no war, it is an example of execrable taste and partly because we seem to have lost our sense of humor toward any part of the war. We remember a similiar little song we used to sing and think very funny when we were about eight — we are unfortunately, no longer eight.

Far too many jokes, good and bad, have been made at the expense of the WAACs, the WAVEs, and the WAAFs, already. We can't help thinking what a new, antiseptic, H. G. Wellsian aspect the streets have taken on with all these smartly-uniformed women striding along, grim purpose in their pretty eyes. We wonder, sometimes, in our most secret of hearts, just how long it will take them to realize that for thousands of years woman has held her iron-clad superiority over man simply by refusing to meet him on his own ground. By invading man's territory and seizing a rein or two they have lowered themselves inestimably in man's eyes. We know they want to help win the war and we admire them for it — we just wonder sometimes, that's all.

All of us who know and admire Professor Shute are profoundly sorry to hear of his illness. One of the Campus' most popular figures, he will be missed by all of us till he is well enough to return. We all hope that will be soon.

JUST FOLKS

Mr. Singer, of Utica, meets New York, with a bang!

"Mr. Singer," his hostess said, descending from across the crowded room like a rather nervous bird of prey, "how NICE of you to come!" He took her hand tentatively, wishing that he could remember her first name. He consoled himself with the thought that she probably couldn't remember *his* first name either. He smiled apologetically.

"I should have dressed. I'm sorry," he said. "You see, Miss Belden, I come to New York only on business, and usually....."

"I understand perfectly; of course I do!" she said.

"Blanche said to be sure to call you," he said. "It's really very kind of you to have invited me."

"Nonsense! You were SO nice to me when I dropped in on you last summer in Utica. It's really not a party at all — just a few of my oldest and dearest friends. Now you MUST meet some people and have a good time." Mr. Singer looked around the room and thought what a lucky woman she was to have forty-odd oldest and dearest friends. Suddenly Miss Belden clutched his arm and started to drag him across the room.

"THERE'S Hank Lytell!," she said. You MUST meet Hank Lyttell! You two have so much in common. He's a producer and knows EVERYBODY." Mr. Singer wondered just what he was supposed to have in common with the gentleman, inasmuch as he was a wholesale bottle-manufacturer and knew no one, but he allowed himself to be introduced to Mr. Lytell.

"Hank," said Miss Belden. "Hank, I want to introduce you to Mr. Singer from Utica, New Hampshire. He wants SO much to meet you. Mr. Lytell — Mr. Singer. Now you must just SEIZE yourself a drink because only God and Euthanasia know how long the liquor is for this world. You'll have a Martini, because that's all there is. "Euthanasia," she called to a frivoulous-looking colored maid, "Do give this gentleman a Martini. Now have a good time, and if you want to meet anyone, just ask Hank." She turned a rather bony back on them and immediately began talking to a tall man in tails who had just come in.

When he caught his breath, Mr. Singer looked at Mr. Lytell. The producer was a tall, slender man of about thirty-six, with pure white hair. He was holding two Martinis, which he sipped alternately. He had, Mr. Singer noticed, the habit of never looking at the person he was talking to, and Mr. Singer felt as though he merely happened to be present at a soliloquy.

"Who is that frightful woman?" Mr. Lytell said in a perfectly audible voice. Mr. Singer was taken aback.

"That's Miss Belden." he said. "She's our hostess."

"IS she?" asked Mr. Lytell uninterestedly. "Poisonous. What part of New Hampshire do you come from, Mr. Singer? I detest New Hampshire myself."

"As a matter of fact, Utica is in New York State," Mr. Singer said, taking a Martini from a tray held out by Euthanasia. "Well, these look rather good."

"Undrinkable," said Mr. Lytell, putting his empty glasses on the tray and taking two more. There was a pause which Mr. Lytell showed no signs of breaking.

"Yes indeed — Utica, New York," Mr. Singer finally said, somewhat helplessly. "I'm pretty much like a duck out of water down here."

"Why?" asked Mr. Lytell, fixing him, for the first time, with a piercing blue stare.

"Well," said Mr. Singer, again taken aback, "Things seem rather different in a way. Well, people — I mean, take the people in this room, for instance." He looked around him — at the four young men with very long hair talking earnestly, if simultaneously, in the doorway, at the very grand old lady in grey lace who was sitting on the floor chatting with an individual in a turban, at the rather scared-looking sailor standing in a corner, and at Miss Belden in her candy-striped slacks who was now standing in the middle of the floor and talking, apparently, to no one. "They aren't quite what you'd call 'ordinary', are they?"

"Surface, young man," Mr. Lytell said to Mr. Singer, who was at least ten years his senior. "Sheer surface. Underneath it all, we're very conventional beings. New York, Mr. Sanger, is the smallest town in the world."

"Well," said Mr. Singer.

"Personally, I see nothing odd about these people," Mr. Lytell said, gesturing with one of his Martinis. "Completely ordinary — rather dull, in fact. No, Mr. Sanger, New York is not the bizarre place you outsiders think it. Take me, for example; could you produce a more ordinary being than myself?" Mr. Singer wasn't quite sure how to answer that, but Mr. Lytell went right on.

"You are quite wrong to suppose," he said, "That I am anything but a commonplace man, like yourself. Possibly I am even MORE hidebound than you are. I lead the most conventional life imaginable." He drank off one of the Martinis viciously and seemed to lose all interest in Mr. Singer.

Mr. Singer decided against trying to continue the conversation. As he was racking his brains to think of something else to talk about, a woman entered the room. She was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, and she was wearing a sequin costume that was, like Gunga Din's, "Nothing much before and something less than half of that behind." He nudged Mr. Lytell cautiously with his elbow.

"Look there," he said. "That woman. Isn't she stunning?"

"She is rather attractive, isn't she?" Mr. Lytell said. "I know her quite well. You'd never suppose she has three children, would you?"

Mr. Singer was about to say that she would have had to be a very clever woman to avoid it, but Mr. Lytell had left him and had stridden across the room to where the woman was standing, looking slightly like a Black-Starr, Frost and Gorham window. Mr. Singer could just hear their conversation.

"Frieda," Mr. Lytell said, "That gown is stark, staring madness. How are you?"

"Why, Hank," she said, "How nice you're here. I didn't expect to run into you. Haven't seen you for days."

"I was going to Miami," Mr. Lytell said, "But I remembered just in time that I loathe Miami, so I didn't. It is pleasant to see you again. We must have lunch some day rather soon."

"I'd love it," she said. "Do drop me a line." She went to speak to Miss Belden, and Mr. Lytell returned to Mr. Singer.

(*Continued on Page* 8)

DEATH OF DR. MILHAUD

A gripping tale of the laboratory by the author of Inside Africa and Hudson Bay. The eminent Dr. Milhaud delves into life's most secret secrets and discovers— well, read it and find out.

Heidelburg, 1889

I was somewhat nervous and, I confess, a little afraid as my hansom approached the low, stone building housing Dr. Milhaud's laboratory. Nervous, because I was at that time an eager, but none too successful a student of chemistry, and more specifically, metaphysics. True, I had received my degree from the Sorbonne, but my sceptical and keenly analytical mind didn't consider this distinction of sufficient worth to meet on equal terms a scientist of Dr. Milhaud's great reputation. Afraid, because all through my student days I had heard stories of this eccentric, and as some said, definitely insane person. I had guffawed heartily at these "mad professor" stories, for such tales have long been bandied about in fiction and in hearsay. Undoubtedly, he was a genius, and undoubtedly, I would find him a trifle odd, but I was going there not to study the man, but to study the man's work.

The man's work, that was something over which to ponder. I was being sent (on full expense account) by the Academie Tartuffe to investigate the nature of his experiments. Some said he was trying to create artificial life, while others said he was attempting a method by which Bock beer might be produced twelve months of the year. What a boon the latter experiment would be to the more distended of Germany's citizenry, and yet the very idea had such a bizarre, perverted twist to it, that had I allowed my mind to dwell upon the matter, I feared my old catarrh trouble would return. Outside of a few, vellum-bound pamphlets he had published, the world knew nothing of his work. I magnaminously decided to form no opinions until I could see for myself — Lavoisier would have wanted it that way.

Above me, on the thickly wooded hillside, I could see the brownstone laboratory, standing out in the late afternoon sun like a copious silver carbonate precipitate; while below me in the valley, I could see the rambling city of Heidelburg and the Elbe river, whose color strikingly reminded me of the amorphous sulphur I had prepared at the Sorbonne laboratory a few weeks before. The hansom rumbled steadily upward, rolling from one side of the narrow dirt road to the other. Soon, the small door above my head opened, and the driver mumbled something in low German that I'm proud to say I couldn't understand; a moment later, we had stopped in front of the building. I reluctantly paid off the driver, gathered up my possessions, and walked to the door.

I stood there a moment, realizing that I was the first scientist outside his own staff to ever gain admission to this laboratory. I knocked on the door three times and waited, adjusting my toupee. (I had lost my hair in a meurcuric oxide experiment that ended rather unhappily for all concerned.) After an interim of a few minutes, the door slowly opened, and I was confronted, or shall we say faced? — yes, let's say "faced"; and I was faced by a lugubrious, middled-aged woman, who seemed at the same time both humble and proud. A second stage paranoia case, I thought, as she bid me step inside. Suddenly, I heard a voice shout,

"Anna, who is it? Can it be the visitor from the Academie Tartuffe?" I then heard the confident strides of an energetic man, and soon Dr. Milhaud entered the room.

"Ah, so you have arrived at last?" What a haunted, piercing look he has, I thought, and how amazing is the vitality of such a wizened, emaciated creature. He looked at me a moment, smiling, and then dashed forward, and held a piece of litmus paper against my perspiring forehead. He pulled the paper away, and stared at it, mouth slightly agape. Was it merely my imagination, or were those flecks forming at the corners of his mouth high normality sodium hydroxide?

"There is a definite acid reaction there; you'll have to cut out meats and starchy foods," the doctor bellowed. He stood there, arms akimbo, defying me to contradict him.

"But sir," I countered, "surely. . . . . ."

"Enough! Now, please follow me into the laboratory. I have much to do, *so* much to do, and any day now may see my dreams realized. Do you understand what that means to me?"

"No," I evasively replied. His manner was becoming actually invidious, and though I had great respect for him, I resolved to take no more "bratschen" from him. I followed him into the low ceilinged, vapour-filled room, cluttered with smudged apparatus, dusty volumes, and the other equipment of a research laboratory. Two assistants, clad in grey smocks with the words "Heinie's Garage" sewed on their backs in red tape, were bending over a huge vacuum-jar, I should judge three meters high. Another assistant was sound asleep on a pile of filter papers, and the doctor kicked him as we hurried by.

"Wake up, you fool, and light your bunsen burner; dinner is late already". The doctor turned to me and smiled, "The man's lab technique is atrocious, but he can do wonders with a beaker, bunsen burner, and a little food." The assistant, Dr. Vorspiel, turned out to be a kindly, if somewhat subservient, character.

Dr. Milhaud excused himself, and said that I might look over his apparatus. "But don't touch anything!" were his final words, at least for the time being. I introduced myself to Dr. Vorspiel, and offered to light his bunsen burner for him. This pleased him greatly, and we were the staunchest friends from then until I left. He seemed quite proud of the fact that he was working for so great a man as Dr. Milhaud, and explained that his own interest in chemistry began when his father blew up the town hall. In later years, his theories were profoundly influenced by "Amazing-Science" magazine, which he thought far ahead

(*Continued on Next Page.*)

Just Folks

"Fantastic girl, Frieda," he said, taking two more Martinis from a passing tray. "Really fantastic."

"You say she has three children," Mr. Singer said, incredulously.

"Three, four, and seven, in that order," Mr. Lytell said. "Ugly little creatures, too."

"But who is she?" Mr. Singer said.

"My wife," said Mr. Lytell. "Really, this party is loathsome."

OTIS BIGELOW.

Dr. Milhaud

in scope and depth of perception to the "Royal Chemical Journal". He made a few contributions to the former publication, the most renowned of which was titled "I Was An Ersatz Soul".

I was increasingly impressed with the fact that although his mind was quick to understand, and to draw correct conclusions, he had too emotional a nature to be a real scientist.

While Dr. Vorspiel was busy preparing supper, I glanced over to the vacuum-jar where the doctor was working with his two assistants. Suddenly, he cautioned them to stand back, and as they did so, he gave forth a deep cough that shook his frail body. The assistants nodded their heads sadly, but the doctor screamed that he was all right, not to consider him, but to go on with the work at any cost. Dr. Vospiel whispered to me that Dr. Milhaud had a deep-rooted, and chronic lung ailment, causing his staff to fear for his very life.

I had been so interested in the activity all around me, that I had completely overlooked the most important mission of my visit: to find out the nature of Dr. Milhaud's work.

"Tell me", I queried, "what is the doctor attempting? Dr. Vospiel looked at me, his eyes shining with respect and admiration.

"From chemicals, facts, and theories, he shall create a genie!"

"Good lord, man, a genie? That is incredible."

"Incredible?—perhaps. But so are all the other ultimate attainments of science. Are you a narrow sceptic, a stupid sluggard whose mind deals only in terms of truisms?" Yes, perhaps he's right, I thought. Perhaps I am narrow, and not worthy of being allowed to know of this work. Getting at the matter analytically, I reasoned that as a matter of fact, in the last analysis, to get right down to it, looking at the matter impersonally, precisely who are we, mere mortals, to pass judgment on a work greater than we can even conceive of?

These reflections were interrupted by a cry of anguish and joy from the doctor.

"Oh, what fools we've been! What stupid, blind fools! All of us— well, not I so much, but certainly you horse-headed assistants! But of course, a flux of cigar ashes, and they must be pure Havana, is exactly the constituent needed to carry out the reaction. You there," he yelled, waving a pipet at Dr. Vorspiel, "rush to the nearest tobacco shop, and purchase three *Havana* cigars. Now, hurry!"

"Yes, master," he cried, and rushed out of the room, leaving the vegetable stew to burn, had it not been for my quick sense of perception, and keenly analytical mind. A few minutes later he returned, brandishing the cigars. The doctor ordered his three assistants to smoke the cigars quickly, and to deposit the ashes in a crucible, (crucible courtesy of Rumpelmeir's China Shop). While this aromatic process was going on, the doctor nervously paced the floor, breathing heavily, and rubbing his hands together. When they had finished, Dr. Milhaud snatched up the crucible, placed the butts in his cigar case, and shuffled over to the tall jar at the bottom of which was a large beaker filled with, not humanity, but a seething mass of chemicals.

Never have I felt the keenness of living as at that moment. I was about to see a genie created for the first time, and was to be one of only five witnesses, Anna having gone into town. Imagine the state of my keenly analytical mind, as I waited for the consummation of the experiment. Dr. Milhaud lifted the jar, added the ashes to what was already in the receptacle, and when he had replaced the jar, he stood back, panting slightly, a triumphant smile on his face. I deem it notable to state that the exact time when the cigar ashes were added was at eight minutes and fourteen seconds past seven o'clock, August nineteenth, in the year 1889. We stood around the jar, fascinated, as a strangely opaque, reddish gas filled the jar until the whole thing looked like an inverted, gigantic, red test tube. The doctor, visibly under great mental strain at this point, and perspiring profusely, opened the stop-cock on top of the jar, slowly releasing the gas. Would this experiment turn out to be just one more metaphysical fiasco? Would Dr. Milhaud be branded a charlatan? But wait. As the gas escaped, it slowly formed into the figure of a lithe, tall man. Yes, now the figure was complete, and hovered, au naturel, over the jar. We were terrified, and cringed against the walls. But the doctor stood with his hands on the jar, jumping up and down as he stared up at the figure. We waited to see what his first and immortal words would be.

But without warning, Dr. Milhaud gave a horrible scream, and jumped to the top of the laboratory table, beating his pulsating chest until his boutonniere was nothing but a small pile of petals on the floor. And what were his words? To translate them would be futile, so great and revealing were they in meaning.

"Lustiges Zusammensein der Landleuts," he bellowed, prancing around the table like a demon. The genie seemed rather unconcerned, and now hovered a bit higher with his arms folded majestically. The constant strain and years of unrewarded toil had been too much for the doctor, and his mind had finally snapped. He kept screaming that he was God, that he too had created life, and that he was master of the universe. As he thundered about the table top, screaming blasphemies to all of us, he tripped on a gas jet, striking his head on the stone table, and fell to the floor. At this tragic turn of events, the genie gave a shattering, if somewhat ectoplasmic, scream, and ionized completely into a nearby bucket of water forming what later turned out to be a solution of no commercial value. We rushed to Dr. Milhaud, but the blow had proved fatal. Still unable to comprehend all I had seen, I dejectedly ambled out of the building, and hiked back to town, scarcely realizing where I was going.

JACK SMOTHERS.

Fraternities Pledge Ninety-Three Men

With the final tabulations of rush week slowly coming in, Delta Upsilon and Psi Upsilon lead all other Hill fraternities with total pledges of 12 freshmen apiece, restricting their delegations according to the Interfraternity Council ruling of last week. The total number of freshmen pledged to date is 93.

Implementing seven rush week rules by a $25 fine for each violation and setting a maximum to freshman delegations until November 1, the Interfraternity Council is now making plans for the post-rush-week hearing of all violations.

The establishment of these rules, according to George R. Overhiser, president of the Council, was done to avoid, or at least decrease as far as possible, cut-throat activities which might arise during wartime. The aim of the maximum delegation rule was to keep some fraternities, with the best rushing facilities, from grabbing more than their share of freshmen, allowing an even distribution of pledges.

The pledging by fraternities is as follows:

Sigma Phi: Richard Baldwin, Baltimore; Robert Hartshorne, Jr., Darlington, Md.; N. Burns, Clinton; J. Riach, Chappaqua; R. Smith, White River Junction, Vt.; D. Davis, Huntington; H. Dent, Buffalo.

Alpha Delta Phi: A. Bole, Lakeville, Conn.; M. King, Jr., Wellesley Hills, Mass.; W. Boynton, West Orange, N. J.; J. Hoopes, Bethesda, Md.; M. Finn, Milton, Mass.; R. Davis, Geneva, Ill.; J. C. Cassidy, Jr., Niagara Falls; G. Thompson, Galesburg, Ill.; J. Pillsbury, Berkeley, Calif.; W. Hypes, Glencoe, Ill.

Psi Upsilon: J. Farrell, Binghamton; R. Massonneau, Brightwaters, L. I.; J. Jaenike, Rochester; M. Olcott, Jr.; J. Roberts, Jr., Port Washington; E. Taylor, Jr., Longmeadow, Mass.; W. Lintz, Riverdale-On-Hudson; J. Kent, Jr., Norwich; A. Kuolt, Rochester; R. Knapp, Jr., Whitesboro; W. McWilliams, Indianapolis, Ind.; R. Dodd, Smithtown Branch.

Delta Upsilon: G. Davenport, Utica; L. Shuford, Jackson Heights; S. Brooks, Sidney; Sterling Lee, Bethesda, Md.; C. Jurka, Chappaqua; C. Bonner, Utica; R. Severance, Syracuse; J. Judson, Utica; T. Clark, Marathon; I. Davis, New York; R. Butler, Carthage; D. McGrath, D. Parker, sophomore.

Chi Psi: J. Wayman, Oneonta; W. Bartlett, Johnstown; J. Kellogg, Binghamton; W. Lawrence, Jr., Plainfield, N. J.; T. Schoon, Jr., Geneva; H. Vanderwart, Jr., Hackensack; D. Parker, Catonsville, Md.; C. Brink, Binghamton; G. Fuller, Alexandria Bay; L. Libby, East Pepperell, Mass.

Delta Kappa Epsilon: P. Boehm, Brooklyn; P. Reid, Jr., Niagara Falls; R. Buttrick, New York; D. Freudenberger, Kenmore; E. Baldwin, New York; R. Howard, Binghamton; A. Beale, Rochester; R. Booher, Syracuse; J. Smytn, Buffalo.

Theta Delta Chi: D. Ghent, Atlanta; J. Adams, Tenafly, N. J.; R. Bauer, Tenafly; A. Schepper, Bronx; J. Gow, Binghamton; K.Paul, Scarsdale; K. Westlye, Brooklyn; M. Baker, Jr., Buffalo.

Emerson Literary Society: J. Swartz, Syracuse; R. Strandburg, Franklinville; E. Le Fevre, Rochester; B. Bishow, Saugerties; R. Miller, Kenmore; W. Freisen, Geneva; R. Buecheler, Syracuse; R. Hill, Yonkers.

Lambda Chi Alpha: W. Dingleberry, Binghamton; R. Pierce, Fayetteville; R. Cook, Yonkers; J. Bailey, Glen Head, L. I.; R. Kingsbury, Lakewood, Ohio; A. Seidliski, Deferriet; William Lampman, Binghamton, Richard Toulson, Endicott.

Tau Kappa Epsilon: J. Sifton, Elmhurst, L. I.; L. Baer, Canton, Ohio; J. Backus, Kenmore; J. Curry, Jr., New Orleans, La.; R. Daniels, Watertown; G. Record, Whitesboro; D. Williams, Ossining.

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* * SPORTS * *

Along the Way

By BOB ROSENBLATT, '43
Sports Editor

"One down and six to go."

That is the cry of Hamilton's 1942 Continentals. Bring on those gridiron warriors. Bring on that fighting Hobart team, those Buckeye warriors from Oberlin, mighty Rochester, that big Swarthmore line, those tricky Haverford backs, and that new streamlined Union outfit. If fight and spirit will win this year's Buff and Blue can't be licked.

Last Saturday Hamilton opened its season by uncorking an offense that was too much for a heavier R. P. I. team. True the Hillmen should have scored once or twice more than they did, but we are not worried about the failure of the Continentals to follow up on the advantages they had or score more than they did, for we know that as the men on this eleven gain more and more in exprience, so proportionately will their play attain perfection.

To meet the threats that will face the Hillmen on the next six Saturdays, Coach Dickson presents the starting eleven of last Saturday along with eight substitutes who received their baptism of fire against the Engineers. These 10 men will fare better for the experience they received at Troy. In addition Coach Dickson has held in reserve a brace of frosh backs who, when given the chance, should give exceptionally fine accounts of themselves. They are fullback Earle Wilson and tailback Bobby Hartshorne. To aid this outfit are lettermen Roy Julie, thus far hindered by a leg injury, and Phil Dodd currently detailed by a complicated naval enlistment.

However, Hamilton's greatest and foremost weapon is fight and spirit. We saw a team at R. P. I. which though green in spots outfought, outcharged and outhit the opposition all the way—and this on a strange field with an extremely large partisan crowd cheering their opponents. Hamilton presented a hustling, fast-moving team. We thought R. P. I. looked sluggish and in the fourth quarter, though the score was only 7-0 against them, the Engineers were a thoroughly beaten team.

We think that it is this hustle, this fight, this will to win, this high morale, which incidentally it is the duty of every Hamilton student to help the team maintain and forever improve, that will in the end pull us successfully through what so far appears to be one of the toughest seasons any Continental team has ever faced.

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WHOLESALE GROCERS

Utica, N. Y.

Gridders Take Opener for Dickson With 7-0 Victory Over Rensselaer

Jannone Pass Interception And Scoring Aerial to Cowan Brings Initial 1942 Win

Stopped by the clock with only one inch to go for a touchdown at the end of the first half Hamilton came back fast in the third quarter to blank Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute 7-0 in the season's opener for both teams.

After Milt Jannone intercepted an Engineer pass, he passed to Bob Cowan for the only touchdown of the game. Mac Bristol placekicked the extra point.

Handicapped by the heat of a bright sun both teams resorted to punting as running attacks bogged down. The highest temperature reached on RPI's '86 Field was 80 degrees.

In the second quarter after receiving a quick kick by Jannone, RPI suddenly launched an inspired attack which turned out to be their longest march of the entire game, going for three first downs in seven plays. But the attack bogged down when a bad pass from center set the Engineers back as Root knifed through to nail McFarland 10 yards behind the line of scrimmage.

Heart Breaker

The first break of the game came a few minutes later when Hastings recovered a fumble for Hamilton on the RPI 36. Hamilton then launched the longest drive from scrimmage of the game.

Redmond lateralled to Jannone for an end sweep that picked up nine yards. Then Cowan spun inside tackle for another 9 yards and it was first and ten on the RPI 18. Emery then bucked the line for six more, and Cowan took another crack at the desperate Engineer line for one yard. Jannone flat passed to Emery bringing the ball to RPI's 4 yard line. It was first down and 4 four to go with about 2 minutes to go in the half, according to the clock.

Every second counted as Emery hit the line for about one yard. Then Jannone slanted inside left tackle for three more. Seconds remaining Jannone drove into the line only to be stopped about a half inch from the pay-off line. The team lined up for the last down when half time was called by the referee.

Jannone Intercepts

Five plays after the kick-off of the second half, Hamilton again took over the ball after a brilliant run-back of an intercepted pass by Mercury Milt. The Engineers had advanced steadily after a brilliant run-back of the kick-off by Ben Browne, taking about 24 yards along the ground. Then Don McFarland, slim RPI tailback fired a low one over the middle which was intended for Warren Lemke. Ly Ogilby was in the path of the ball and reached up, barely deflected the ball past Lemke's hands, and Jannone, charging, caught the ball on his 30. He cut diagonally toward the right side line and, outstepping would-be tacklers in his usual form and being aided by some perfect blocking, he got as far as the RPI 20 yard marker before he was overtaken by Lemke and tackle Bentley.

Air Attack Clicks

Hamilton then took to the air and the first play a pass to Root thrown by Jannone brought the ball to the RPI 11. In the next play Cowan, not Emery as the local papers reported, slipped through to the flat area to catch a pass from Jannone unmolested and ducked across from the 5 yard line to score the only touchdow of the game.

Bristol then added the extra point with a placement high over the center of the cross bar.

The 50 yard return of an intercepted pass was Jannone's best and most spectacular run of the game. Lacking the downfield blocking he had last year and handicapped by a charley-horse, Jannone never got the chance to make any of the climax runs he made last year, but he still showed he possessed the ability to dodge and twist his way out of tacklers' hands.

The last quarter opened with Jannone back in punt formation. McFarland took the ball, fumbled it when tackled, recovered it for a moment and then fumbled it again. It looked like a free ball when Hamilton recovered the last fumble but the referee ruled it RPI's ball on their own 45. On their fourth down, the punt was blocked by Johnny Richardson and the ball became Hamilton's on the RPI 30. It looked like Hamilton would go down the field again for another score, but the attack bogged down just 1 yard short of a a first down and RPI took over on their own 21.

Both teams fumbled frequently but generally recovered their own fumbles. Rensselaer, except for the alternation of McFarland and Browne at left halfback and the removal of left end Curran with an injured arm, played 60-minute football. Hamilton made more frequent substitutions but the key men went the route.

The starting line-ups:

Hamilton		R. P. I.
Root	LE	Curran
Williams	LT	Frank
Hoch	LG	Krug
Bagg	C	Richards
Ogilby	RG	Nieliwoki
W. Bristol	RT	Bentley
Kuhn	RE	Brinnier
Redmond	QB	Baker
Jannone	LHB	Lemke
Cowan	RHB	Haller
Emery	FB	BcFarland

Scoring: Touchdown — Cowan, Conversion—W. Bristol (placement).

Referee—Hatfield (Ohio State), Umpire —Dunn (North Adams), Head linesman —Pickens (Dartmouth).

Substitutions: Hamilton—Richardson, A. Bristol, Rosenblatt, Griffith, Schepper, Farr, Loveland, Hastings. K.S.M.

R. P. I. Booters Defeat Hill 6-0

Despite a 6-0 defeat by the soccermen of R. P. I., the Buff and Blue eleven was not lacking in honor, for the Engineers made but one of every nine shots at the goal as contrasted with their average of one goal out of every three attempted in the Williams game.

Although the South Americans of R. P. I. had many attempts at the goal, their shots were so hurried and the Hamilton goalies so efficient, that only six out of 54 shots were good.

Bert Butzer, Warren Kelly, and Tom Adams were outstanding for the Hamilton men. By their exceptional playing, Kuolt and Bauer, both members of the freshman class, showed that they will bear watching in the future. The Teran brothers of R. P. I. were definitely the best soccer men on the field since they both played fine offensive and defensive games. One of them making a sensational shot from the midfield sideline.

Experience was definitely the deciding factor of the game, for the R. P. I. men had a group of Latin Americans who had been playing nearly all their lives while very few of our men had had previous experience playing varsity ball. In the first 2 periods only two goals were scored, the first after four and one-half minutes of play, and the second midway in the second period. Three goals were scored in the third period, the first after 4 minutes of play and the other two within the last four minutes of the period. The sixth goal was scored in the sixth minute of play of the final period.

The lineups:

Hamilton		R. P. I.
Harmon	RW	Dukes
Kelley	RI	Calero
Rotundo	C	Hartnell
Walker	LI	M. Tran
Adams	LW	F. Teran
Lam	RH	Fisher
Keller	CH	Montero
Burnett	LH	Monn
Barber	RF	Sloan
Kuolt	LF	Schubert
Couper	C	Schultz

Substitutes: Hamilton — Carveth, Kellan, Sammis, Tennant, Snow, Stranburg, Bauer, Close, Towe, Pillsbury, Barber, Butzer.

R. P. I. — Mouna, Grimes, Cancero, Heywood, Collins, Paulovitch, Peace, Johnson, Staiger, Elmore, Gruth. K.K.

Intramural Football

Hamilton's intensified intra-mural program is due to get under way this Friday when the first games of the touch football league will be played. The teams will again be divided into two leagues with the ten fraternity and two Squires Club entries competing. The winner of the football league will receive permanent possession of the trophy.

During the summer, Mr. Prettyman and Phil Goulding wrote the constitution for intra-mural athletics. Each fraternity and the Squires Club will have a representative on the Council. In former years, each fraternity chose its representative, but this year, each house will nominate three men for the post and the student council will select the representatives from this group. There will be a regular meeting of the council every two weeks, and a regular meeting of the three man executive board every week.

Plans have been made to secure competent officials for every contest. The intra-mural program for the year will include leagues in football, basketball, hockey, track, volleyball, golf, swimming and ping pong. —R. M. F.

"Give them hell, gang, and don't spare the Trojan horse. If you do, you dit a whipping. Good luck.—Army."

That's the telegram Army Hoch, last year's ace blocking guard, sent the team at Troy before the R. P. I. game. Hoch is now attending the New York Medical Center College, Flower and Fifth Avenue Hospitals, New York City.

Statesman Invade Hill Saturday

This Saturday the Buff and Blue gridders of Hamilton open up their home season by playing host to the invading Statesmen of Hobart at two-thirty on Steuben Field.

After their humilating defeat, 32—7, last Saturday at the hands of a powerful Union team, the men from Geneva will undoubtedly be a hard-fighting crew willing to sell their souls for a victory. The Continentals will have to beware, for a team bouncing back after a bad defeat is always a dangerous one.

Last year's Hobart team was a great disappointment, but even then the Statesmen gave the Buff and Blue a real scare, for at the end of the third period the Hillmen were trailing 12—7. It wasn't until the fourth quarter when Milt Jannone tallied thrice that Continental breasts could breathe more easily and the game was safely tucked away 27—12.

However, though the Genevans have lost proportionately as many players to the armed services as have most of their opponents, Hamilton included, Hobart's graduation losses were negligible. With many of last year's veterans returning and sophomore stars Tom Hart and Jim Newman raring to go Hobart's outlook is not nearly so black as the result of the Union game makes it appear. The plain simple truth is that it is not Hobart which is pitifully weak, but Union which is terrifically strong. R.W.R.

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Comment on the Cut System

That a change in the Hamilton College cut system was coming everyone knew. That some change was desirable, most of the faculty and a large number of the student body were willing to recognize. Under the old system, students felt themselves under obligation to use every cut, whether of necessity or not. The Dean's List privilege was convenient, especially for seniors, but was often mercilessly abused.

The faculty announcement of the new system, released by the Dean, will be found on page 1. A slight explanation of this report is necessary. The new system does not absolutely prohibit a student from taking an unexcused cut. Provided his professor feels that the quality of his work is not seriously decreased, the student need not fear that "administrative action" will be taken. The student has the further safeguard that he may explain to the Dean why he took the cut before the threatened "administrative action" takes place.

The new cut system therefore is flexible. The number of cuts that may be taken will vary with the individual student — and the individual professor. A conscientious student with a fair professor should have no qualms about cutting as long as his work remains of good quality. A poorer student should realize that cutting is detrimental to his scholarship and should cut accordingly.

A word of advice, however, may also be given to the faculty. Some professors will feel that any cutting whatsoever must be reported for action by the Dean, regardless of a student's work. Such conduct will be an indication that certain professors find it impossible to maintain attendance in their courses without threats of "administrative action". The best professors on College Hill have maintained and will continue to maintain attendance in their courses not by threats, but by conducting classes which students feel are worthwhile attending. —D.M.W.

* * * *

Introducing A New Publication

With this issue, Hamilton College students are being introduced to **Hamiltonews,** a new idea in college journalism, born last spring with the decision of the Student Publications Board to merge **Hamilton Life,** the weekly newspaper, and the **Continental,** student literary magazine.

Using **Newsweek** as a basic model and modifications from various other publications, the staff of **Hamiltonews** went ahead, slowly chewing vague generalities down to detailed problems. Handicapped by rush week, only general knowledge of how a weekly newsmagazine should be set up, and an early deadline, the first issue has finally hit the presses.

Complications and the usual difficulties of a first issue of any publication have necessitated delay of this issue. We regret this delay. Henceforth, **Hamiltonews** will appear on Wednesdays.

There will be changes and more modifications in a search for the best possible style of makeup. Constructive criticism will be appreciated. With the attainment of a suitable style, makeup of the magazine will then be stabilized.

With co-operation the keynote in the staff of **Hamiltonews,** we would also appreciate the support of the student body. We want your support through future blunders and in spite of past mistakes in seeking for Hamilton College a publication worthy of leadership in a new field of college journalism. J.E.M.

Post Mortem

Someone should congratulate the freshmen for playing fair in the annual lower class throwing-off-the-grass controversy. When a freshman was carted over the white soccer field sideline, technically "off the grass" this year, he remained there and didn't charge back into the melee. In previous years, the outnumbered sophomores couldn't reduce frosh numbers and took a pounding. This year, sophomores appreciably decreased the number of freshmen in the struggle and gained the upper hand, something new in the competition which they usually lose by a large margin.

* * * *

Along with the passing of green frosh caps, another Hamilton tradition has gone by the boards already this semester. Last Saturday's victory over R. P. I. in football was not announced to the community by the ringing of the chapel bell. The clangor that used to signal a Hamilton varsity win is now a community air raid warning signal. We shall miss that tradition, but there is some consolation for those who would try to study. There won't be a repetition of the nine hour bell ringing indulged in by the Class of '43 when Rochester was defeated 7-6 back in 1939, the football team's only triumph that season.

* * * *

Also among the passing is the Little Theatre. When Marty deNoyelles asked interested freshmen to report for Charlatan tryouts Friday in the Little Theatre, Wally Johnson interrupted to announce that the upper chapel room had been condemned. as a fire hazard. Incidentally, freshman tryouts for the dramatic society will not be held Friday, but have been postponed to next week.

* * * *

Former business manager Gil Grout, recently inducted into the army, left his car for the use of his successor, Ken Whiting, but after Monday, Ken isn't sure it's a bargain. Over the weekend, the armature on the generator broke and a new generator had to be installed. Monday evening, Ken was soliciting ads in the midst of the downpour. With the car needing a push before starting and with a top more like a sieve, Ken in his black and white special did not need a shower when he returned to the Lambda Chi house.

* * * *

Possibly you college students would be interested in some of the obstacles to this first issue of **Hamiltonews**. First, the covers which were to be used have even yet not arrived and ten inches of national advertising is still expected. Second, the nameplate and format on the cover were both too large and had to be cut down. Third, reporters were not prompt with assignments, principally because of Rush Week activities.

And the crowning blow was the refusal of the linotype machine to drop the letter E of all letters in the alphabet. Finally things were ironed out, but not until after four consecutive midnight sessions by the makeup staff. Next week we will do our best to save the midnight oil, principally by not tolerating any late assignments. The reporters staff list may be diminished by the next publication date.

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